

Stuffing

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Kit sniffed the air, just about purring at the lovely scent of cooking turkey. What was his neighbor up to? Skipping along the walkway between their back doors, Kit quickly jumped onto Rory's deck, striding up to the door and knocking briskly before letting himself in.

"Rory?"

"That you, Kitten?"

"Yeah! It's me!" Kit beamed, bouncing in place. He toed off his sneakers before unbuttoning his coat, throwing it over the back of the sofa. Making his way into Rory's house, he closed his eyes, inhaling deeply.

He hit an unmoveable object, just about losing his balance.

"Oomph!"

"Hey, Kitten."

Kit blinked open his eyes, snuggling into Rory's warm embrace. "Hey!" He tilted his neck, lifting his lips for the kiss he was just about dying for.

Rory didn't disappoint. Lowering his head, he licked along Kit's bottom lip before sliding his mouth over Kit's. He tasted like bacon and maple syrup.

"You been making pancakes again?" Kit licked Rory's lips, thrusting his tongue into Rory's mouth to get more of the wonderful flavor.

Rory moaned, bumping his hips against Kit's. Oh! It looked like Rory liked that. Kit grasped Rory's shoulders, leaning into the other man, wiggling his hips back and forth until both of them were panting for breath.

Oh God, he wanted to get fucked so badly. They'd barely seen each other over the past month, between Kit's midterms and Rory's increased workload for his thesis, neither of them had much free time. They'd spent as much of it as possible together but things had never escalated to the point that Kit wanted them too.

He was in his first year of university, a died in the wool virgin, and the only cat shifter he knew who hadn't gotten any yet. Of course, the only person he wanted was Rory, but his human not-yet-a-lover wasn't cooperating with him. If he didn't know better, he'd think Rory was avoiding actually consummating their relationship.

Rory backed away, sliding his palms down Kit's sides. Mmmm... Kit twisted, loving the feel of Rory's hands on him. The man was so firm, no hesitation in his touch. It was lovely.

"No, I've just been sampling."

Huh? "Sampling?" What was he talking about?

Rory laughed, nuzzling Kit's neck. Tilting his head, Kit waiting for Rory's answer.

"I'm cooking but I'm one of those hands-on types of cooks. I like to taste along the way."

"Hmmm... I can deal with that." Kit spread his arms, tossing his head back.

"Taste away."

"Kitten, there'll be none of that until dinner's ready." Rory kissed the tip of his nose, walking away.

Damn! Foiled again. What did he have to do to get a little action around here? Spread eagle naked on the staircase with a sign on his chest reading "ravage me, please"?

Sighing, Kit figured he might as well play along. It wasn't as if he was only with Rory to get laid, after all. He genuinely did like spending time with him. He padded into the kitchen after the redhead.

"Cooking what?"

"Hmmm?" Rory opened the oven, turkey scented air escaping. He bent over, doing something with the pan nestled inside but Kit couldn't take his gaze off the sight

of the denim pulled tight over Rory's ass so he couldn't quite make out what Rory was doing with his hands.

Kit waited, but Rory remained silent. Rolling his eyes, Kit jumped up onto one of the bar stools before the breakfast bar, reaching forward to grab a handful of nuts. He loved spending time here, Rory actually made it feel homey. Not like Kit's place. He was lucky if he remembered to buy food. It might account for why he was over here so much.

"What's that smell?"

"Oh! Sorry, babe. I'm cooking for thanksgiving."

Kit wrinkled his nose. "Ummm... Rory, that was last month."

"American thanksgiving, you dope."

"Ah, gotcha. Why?"

"I like turkey, what can I say?" Rory turned back to look at him. "Not as much as I like a good pussy, though." He laughed.

Kit arched his brow, not impressed. "I don't know whether to say you better be referring to me and not some girl, or berate you for calling me a pussy. Cause you better damn well be talking about me."

Rory came around the breakfast bar, wrapping his arms around Kit. He sat straight in the chair, trying not to hiss in outrage, damn well determined not to melt no matter how much he wanted to.

"Sorry, Kitten, I was talking to my cousin again this afternoon and you know how Ty is. He was regaling me with tales of him and Turk and I kept bragging about the sweet, little kitty cat I have waiting for me at home."

"Hmmmph."

"Babe..."

"I'm not talking to you."

"Kitten..."

"Don't Kitten me!"

Rory nuzzled his neck, thoughtfully not pointing out that Kit had just talked to him. Kit scrunched up his face, trying not to relax. He would not give in, he would not give... ah, shit... He mewled, closing his eyes.

"Please, Kitten... I didn't mean anything by it."

"How long do-does the tur-turkey need to... ah!"

"We have an hour before I need to start putting the other things on to cook. Why? You have something in mind for what we can do until I'm ready for the next meal prep stage?"

"We could... we c-could watch TV..."

"Mmmm... I don't think so. But, if you really want to..."

Rory pulled back, placing his hands on Kit's waist and spinning him around on the stool until he faced the redhead. Kit immediately threw himself into Rory's arms.

"No! I don't, I..."

"What?"

"Please..." He didn't know how to say the words. How could he possibly ask Rory for what he wanted?"

"Babe. Tell me what you want."

"I-I... I don't know!"

"Kit?"

Rory tried to pull back, but Kit tightened his hold. "Please! I don't know what I want. I want you, I want you to touch me and... and everything. I can't say it, I just don't know how to say it."

Rory placed a gentle kiss on his forehead. "Kitten. This has to be what you want. If you're not ready, we--"

"I'm ready!"

"But, you just said--"

"Christ! I'm ready. I just... I've never done this before. I don't know what to do!" He was getting so frustrated, he didn't know what to say. Angry tears filled his eyes. Kit

lifted his hand and dashed them away before Rory could notice. He didn't need anything else making him look like a child right now.

"Okay, Kit, stop yelling. Just talk to me. I'm not going to laugh at you or look down on you. But I need you to tell me what you want."

Kit sniffed. What did he want? Suddenly, an image came into his mind, the sight of Rory touching himself the day Kit moved in, nearly a month ago.

"You..."

"Yes?"

"When you touched yourself... before."

"Okay, that's a start. What about it?"

"I want that. To me."

Rory cupped Kit's face, kissing his nose, his cheek, his ear. "You want me to touch you? Jerk you off?" Rory breathed the words, accompanying them with a nip to Kit's earlobe.

"Oh! Yeah? Please?" Was that too much to ask? Could he just say it out of the blue like that? Kit wasn't quite up on his boyfriend etiquette. Oh, wait, was Rory his boyfriend? Could he call him that? Oh, he couldn't breathe.

"Kit, you okay?"

He panted, forcing his breathe out. "Uh huh."

"You sure? Cause you sound like you're about to pass out." Rory's voice was definitely laced with humor.

Kit smacked him in the chest. "Don't laugh! I'm going to die here."

"Kitten, I told you that you could say anything. I meant it."

"Are you my boyfriend?"

"What?"

"Nevermind!" He tried to get up, even more embarrassed. He needed a filter for his mouth, swear to God.

"Kitten. What do you think the past month's been about? I definitely haven't been seeing anyone else, and I know you haven't either. You're at my place nearly every

night, even if it's just to say goodnight. I think you can start calling me your boyfriend about now."

"Really?"

"Yeah, babe. Really. Now, on that note... You'll have to excuse me for a moment because I need to get up close and personal with my boyfriend."

"You aren't making fun of me, are you? Cause that would just- Oh!"

Kit stared in shock as Rory began to unbuckle his belt, pulling the offending garment off. The snap of his jeans was next, and then Rory's palm was molded to his cock, cupping the bulge through his underwear.

Kit's eyes damn near crossed. "Guh!"

Rory's other hand was busy with his shirt, peeling the cotton up and sliding his fingers along the bare skin of Kit's lower back.

He shivered, nearly overcome.

"I haven't wanted to pressure you, Kitten, but obviously I wasn't looking for the signs. If I'd known you were freaking out about all this, I would have taken you to bed weeks ago. This isn't just about the sex, but I definitely want to get in your pants, babe. Never doubt that. Kay?"

Was he supposed to respond? Kit's brain had shut down about when Rory cupped his dick, so the man couldn't possibly expect Kit to respond to him.

Rory dragged his teeth along Kit's neck, biting the tender skin, sucking up what was sure to become a mark. His one hand delved underneath Kit's briefs sliding along bare skin, stroking his dick. His thumb pressed along the tip, pressed and released, pressed and released...

"Please! Oh, Ro-Rory, please!"

"Hmmm?" Rory continued to bite his neck, licking along the cords with a soothing pressure.

"I'm gonna... oh, please... I need..."

"I need you to come for me, Kitten. Come on... let it out."

His balls drew tight, his whole body freezing. It was too much, but he never wanted it to stop. He'd never be able to jerk off again without wishing it was Rory's hand doing it.

Rory squeezed his dick, sliding up, dragging his fingers along Kit's skin. Oh, that should be illegal. His free hand slid down over Kit's ass, palming his cheeks, touching him with a sure grip. He whimpered.

"Come for me, Kitten. Come on."

He bucked his hips, wordlessly begging. Rory ran the tip of his finger down Kit's crease, his touch glancing over Kit's hole.

"Oh!" He arched his back, stars flashing behind his closed lids. Come jetted out the tip of his dick, his entire body clamping down.

"That's it. Come on, Kitten. That's it."

Rory stroked him through his release, never letting go. Kit tilted his head, whimpering. Rory answered his unspoken plea, slanting his mouth over Kit's, swallowing his mewling sounds. He shook, his whole body shivering in the glorious aftermath.

Rory finally released him with a soothing kiss. "Thanks, Kitten."

What? Rory was thanking him? What the heck? "What? I should be thanking you! That was... that was... wow!"

Rory laughed, running his hand through Kit's hair. Kit looked up, checking quickly that it wasn't his cum-covered hand. Cause that would be... kinda gross. It wasn't. Thankfully.

Rory shook his head, obviously guessing what Kit had just been thinking. He stepped to the side, wiping his hand on the towel that had been placed on the counter. Oh, wait... Kit should reciprocate, right?

"Rory?"

"Yeah?"

"Can I? Should I?"

“Soon, Kitten. Don’t worry about me. The wait will be good, keeping me on edge until I can lay you down in my bed and really treat you right.”

“Guh.”

“Yeah, thought you’d like that. Now, help me with this stuffing.”

Kit looked up, eyes wide. He was sure he was blushing something fierce.

“Stuffing?”

“Oh, for the love of... the turkey stuffing, Kit!” Rory chuckled, reaching out and pulling Kit closer to him. “I’ll get to the pussy stuffing later.”

Kit hit him, laughing despite himself. “Don’t call me that! But... yeah, you can stuff anything you want later.” He ducked his head, grinning when Rory groaned. Yep, he could definitely stuff anything he wanted after the sweet little prize he’d just given Kit. He’d never seen this coming when he’d decided to go over to Rory’s after his classes.

“American thanksgiving rocks.”

Rory snorted, kissing the top of Kit’s head. “Yep, it certainly does.”

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